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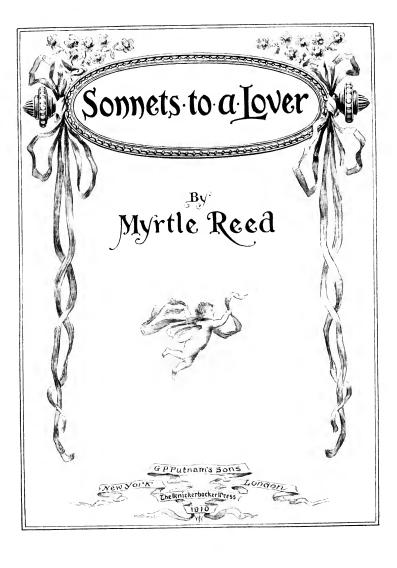
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Sonnets to a Lover

Choice



HE eyes of one shall open on the morn

Where sunrise fires stain white peaks afar,

Another in the valley, where no star

Breaks on the gloom, of sea and midnight born;

And where the poppies riot through the corn

The one, unshod, may pass with wound nor scar—

The other's struggling hands no gates unbar;

Thus one shall have the rose and one the thorn,

If I could choose and could not be denied,
Thy way would lie in many a sunny field
While through the night my thorny
path would be;

Forever in the dark would I abide

And I would be thy solace and thy shield,

If I could choose—if I could choose

for thee!

Confession



EAR, wouldst thou have me say how much I care,
And send the scarlet flood into my cheek?

Shall I forget my womanhood and speak?

Before thee must my inmost self lie bare?

I have no thought I would not have thee share,

And yet my faltering words must prove too weak

If I would give the knowledge thou dost seek

Of love that is not passion, but a prayer.

- Ah, chide me not, Heart's Dearest—let me feel
 - Down deep within my soul the steadfast trust
 - That only those who truly love may know:
- Forgive me if my lips may not reveal

 The crimson roses hidden in my dust—

 I cannot speak because I love thee

 so!

Love's Blindness



O fault in me? And wouldst thou have me take

My lover's tender words and deem them true?

What if my sight should find perfection, too,

And thus another grievous error make? I would the dream were real for thy dear sake,

Since with a greater gladness thou couldst woo

Were I a goddess, not a woman who Must fear and tremble lest thou shouldst awake.

- No fault in me? Dear Heart, it is thy love
 - That with transfiguring mist has veiled thine eyes
 - To make thy vision of me always kind:
- And so I pray, to Him enthroned above,
 That to thy height of beauty I may rise,
 Or else God keep thee still divinely
 blind.

The Storm



ILD winds that grow to fury scourge and lash The threatening sea that echoes back their cries;

Before the storm a single sea-gull flies While whitening breaker legions meet and crash.

The wind and tide in deadly battle clash, Where tattered surges in swift anger rise

To thunder back the challenge that defies

The darkened sky, torn by the lightning's flash.

- I fear no storm, within thy sheltering arm,
 - Nor yet the thronging thunders, nor the dark,
 - Nor booming breakers through the midnight hurled;
- Thou art my Captain, shielding me from harm,
 - And through the tempests thou wilt guide my bark
 - Past all the rocks and dangers of the world.

The Morth Star



N realms of night, ere dawn and day began,

Amid the vaulted dark this star was set,

And shining with unchanging splendor yet

It guides the faltering steps of wayworn man.

Adrift at sea, the troubled pilots scan

The stormy heavens and frowning
clouds that let

No single gleam of white or violet

Upon the zenith's dark and threatening
span.

And even as the storm-tossed sailor lifts Bewildered eyes to midnight's hollow sphere

And guides his course by steady lights above,

So through the darkness, broken into rifts, I never yet have failed to find thee, Dear,

Nor have I lost the compass of thy love.

An Old Love Song



S if upon my heart-strings softly played

By angel hands that touch the chords unseen,

Through all the dead sweet years that lie between,

There comes the music of a serenade.

Of olden dreams the melody is made,

Of violets that bloom amid the green;

And like a benediction, calm, serene,

A gentle peace upon my soul is laid.

And yet, forgive me if the hot tears start, When at the end the deep chords seem to pause

And great arpeggios swell out clear and strong,

For thou hast kept the sun within my heart

And I must weep for very joy because Our years of love are mingled with the song.

The Water of Forgetfulness



Y Stygian shores a sunless river flows,

Through barren fields and desert wastes of sand;

And on its marge strange, ghostly travellers stand

To touch the sombre flood and find repose.

One draught of Lethe and there comes to those

Who journey to that undiscovered strand,

A peace unknown upon this troubled land,

Which slowly into marble calmness grows.

- Some day I too, from thy dear arms withdrawn,
 - On that last voyage sped by prayer and dirge,
 - Shall stand with those who wait beside the stream;
- But though beyond me lies immortal dawn,
 - I take no cup of peace from that grim surge
 - If thus my heart shall lose its earthly dream.

Sunset on the Shore



HE last white banners of the fleeting day

Had trailed along the summit of the hill,

And, as a maid to lover's kiss a-thrill,
A crimson flush upon the waters lay;
Soft, tangled lights shone through the
irised spray

That gleamed afar with alien splendor, till

The thronging sea-bird's plaintive notes were still,

And sunset changed to shadow, then to gray.

- But, out across the sea that moved so slow,
 - As half asleep and dreaming of the clime
 - Where yesterday these tides had laved the shore,
- There stole the tender light of afterglow—
 - Like love that lingers for a little time, And leaves remembered sweetness evermore.

Violets



HOLD thy violets against my face

And deeply breathe the haunting, purple scent

That fills my weary heart with sweet content

And lays upon my soul a chrismal grace;

The air around me for a little space

Is heavy with the fragrance they have
lent,

And every passing wind that heavenward went

Has held thy blossoms in a close embrace.

- I think I love the violets best of all Because of that hushed sweetness, far and faint
 - As star-dust through the darkness dimly sown;
- Forever do they hold my sense in thrall, My spirit kneels as to some imaged saint—
 - For they—and thou—were made to be my own.

Roses



EEP dews of June upon thy roses lay,

Of April rains and Summer sweetness wrought,

And chaliced in the blossoms thou hast brought

To give me pleasure for a fleeting day.

Love's dearest, sweetest messengers are they,

For, like a bee in satin petals caught, May hide an unsuspected tender thought

That every opening flower must betray.

- And haply, if sometimes I find surcease
 Of tears and sorrow in a lover's gift
 That with its clustered bloom my
 breast adorns,
- It is because thy love has brought me peace,
 - And made through cloud and storm a starry rift—
 - Because with roses thou hast hid my thorns.

Where Sea and River Meet



HE tide goes out, and in its peace serene

The river dreams all through the afternoon,

Or, turning drowsily, begins to croon

A lullaby along its banks of green;

And then, through rising mist but dimly seen,

There gleams a silvered star and crescent moon,

The great deep faintly chanting prayer and rune

Across the stretch of sand that lies between.

- The tide comes in, and with the passioned flow,
 - The river's heart goes out to find the sea,
 - Its utmost waters moving toward the sun;
- And so, together, Life and Love must go-
 - Where sea and river meet, thy love for me
 - And mine for thee must rise and be as one.

Dream River



LONG the Fields of Sleep the river strays

Where in the sun the golden water glows

As with a drowsy melody it flows

Through woodland aisles and scented
forest ways;

And like the dew a Summer morning lays

Upon the petals of an opening rose,

The mist-veiled eyes of tired dreamers

close

With soft enchantment resting on their gaze.

- Amid the clover where the wild bees hum
 - And passing silver sunbeams gently sift
 - Their garnered treasure into meadow grass,
- I wait, my dearest, till God lets thee come—
 - Until adown Dream River we may drift
 - And gather slumber lilies as we pass.

Outward Bound



HEN on the unknown deep there comes a sail,
Outlined in shadow on the darkened sea,

When far beyond the Captain calls to me,

And I alone can hear his searching hail; Why should I fear to pass beyond the pale

And say a long farewell to love and thee,

When, set on whitening lips so tenderly,

Thy lover's kiss no longer may avail?

- When all is done, I have no fear nor dread,
 - So when the Captain calls me, speak me fair
 - And hold my hand a moment in thine own;
- For I should love thee still though I were dead.
 - And past the waste of waters find thee there—
 - Sweetheart! I know I cannot die alone!

Waiting



OMETIMES, when sunset skies are overcast,

And I have lived my day as best I know,

I fall to dreaming, and remember so
The golden hours that shimmered as
they passed.

- Sometimes, when tired eyes are filling fast,
 - I hear thy footfalls near me, hushed and slow;
 - I feel thy kiss upon my hand and grow
- Toward the calm of perfect peace at last.

- Sometimes my lonely soul cries out for thee,
 - My hungry heart pleads for thee, deep within,
 - Then once again I hear thy dear voice call;
- Ah, Sweetheart, say that in Eternity
 - God gives us back these long-lost years, and in
 - A blinding instant we shall find them all.

The Tide



AR out at sea the whitening waves grow dim

And in a filmy cloud the veiled stars hide;

The wind has risen on the waters wide

And brought the breakers to the very brim.

But yonder, by the dark cloud's shining rim,

She moves in beauty, and the restless tide

Will pulse around the earth as she may guide

And chant the stately measures of a hymn.

- But, ere her gentle radiance shall fade, The stormy, passioned surge will wait at flood,
 - Its longing music hushed to softest croon;
- And like the tide thy wish have I obeyed
 - With answer in my heart and in my blood—
 - I love thee as the sea hath loved the moon!

Pour Roses



OUR roses die; the fallen petals blow

Across my room with every wandering breeze

That stirs the drooping boughs of yonder trees

And makes faint music on the shore below;

So still it is, a rose itself might go
Star-like, amid the night's dim mysteries.

And, keeping shadowy tryst with one of these,

Breathe crimson fragrance to a rose of snow.

- Your roses die—the petals fade and fall; The late moon lies upon bare hearts of gold
 - And even these, to-morrow, will be gone;
- But yet, to-morrow, when my heart shall call,
 - How yours will leap to answer as of old!
 - Your roses die, but oh, your love lives on!

Love's Afternoon

HE sunset radiance on far
heights has lain

And in hushed murmur flows the singing stream;

Amid the maples Autumn splendors gleam,

And shadows slowly creep upon the plain.

Soft purple dusk lies on the fields of grain

And whispered notes of drowsy robins seem

Like distant echoes from the hills of dream,

Or like the cadence of an April rain.

- If Love, like dawn and morning, fades away,
 - If only once there comes this thing sublime,
 - If Love's sweet year holds but a single June—
- I will not ask from God another day, Nor plead for Spring again at harvesttime,
 - But walk toward night with thee, through afternoon.

Star=Break



S if by magic sunset gates unbar

And through the portals Day goes home to rest;

The crimson clouds, massed in the golden west,

Foundations of celestial cities are.

The flaming beacons shed their light afar

Till twilight comes upon the mountain crest;

Gray shadows deepen on Night's quiet breast,

That bears the jewel of a single star.

- Then out upon the meadows, strangely white,
 - Where like a ghostly veil lies autumn mist,
 - The thousand lights of heaven softly shine.
- Like this thy love has risen on my night,
 - Thy arms around me keep a lover's tryst—
 - Star-break and thee, and thy lips close on mine!

The Path



E know not where our hidden way may lie,

What stress and storm the coming years may hold;

The midday heats and midnights drear and cold

May meet us on our journey far or nigh—Yet step by step we go, till by-and-bye
The mystic tapestries of Fate unfold;
When weary past believing, gray and old,

We reach the end together—thou and I.

- On eyes grown dim the mists of blindness creep,
 - The pulse moves slower still, and sorrows fade,
 - But even then we may not understand;
- Yet God still giveth His beloved sleep— Oh, Heart of Mine, why should we be afraid
 - If only night may find us hand in hand!

The Lovelight



TRONG surges of the world around thee roll

And high thy pulses burn at fever heat

Amid the thousands in the city street Whose eyes are strained to see a distant goal.

The human tide moves far past thy control

And weary grow thy hastening, eager feet,

When heavy-eyed despair has come to beat

With sickening terrors on thy tired soul.

- My soldier, no! I will not have thee fail!
 - What though untoward Fate against thee seems
 - And far afield has ever made thee roam?
- Thy steadfast courage must at last prevail,
 - And through the lattice-lights my candle gleams
 - To lead thee safely back to love and home.

The Bouse of Pain



AIN rears her castles where the mighty dwell
And side by side with them the humblest kneel;

The trembling hands that grope in darkness feel

Unyielding walls around their prisoncell.

She sits amid her rue and asphodel
With sorrow on her distaff and her
reel;

Forever toiling at her loom and wheel With warp and woof she weaves her grievous spell.

- And yet a captive, in torn garments clad,
 - Who with uplifted face goes singing by
 - Hath sometimes changed a bitter loss to gain;
- For God hath strangely mingled sweet with sad
 - And in the thorns a hidden rose may lie,
 - Since Love lives ever in the House of Pain.

Forgiveness



EAR, why shouldst thou for my forgiveness plead
And take the blame in knightly lover's way,

When thou must know I could not tell thee nay,

Since my unfailing pardon is thy meed?

Of my mistakes thou hast not taken heed,

But yet I fear thy clearer vision may Discern behind thy dream my faulty clay—

Then of thy grace shall I have greater need.

- Forgive thee, dearest? It were passing strange
 - To grant thee pardon for a single fault
 - When all of mine must balance with thy one;
- I have thy love, beyond the reach of change,
 - Which all my erring future must exalt—
 - And I forgive thee all thou hast not done.

A Violin



ARK night and storm and passioned breakers' din,
The sea-bird's note, the vastness of the tide

And softest winds that through the forest sighed

Are with this fibre strangely woven in.

The organ tones of surge and sea begin
Within this mystic temple, sanctified
By all the vanished years that, ere
they died,

Had hid their sweetness in a violin.

- Some day the buried music shall be found
 - When master hands awake the sleeping voice
 - To some great song that in crescendo rings;
- And thus, as silence changed to rapturous sound,
 - My wakened heart must evermore rejoice
 - Because thy fingers touched the hidden strings.

Meaving



SOMBRE web is laid upon my loom

Where for a little space my hands must weave

Whatever pattern passing Fate may leave

Upon the threshold of my darkened room.

No roses 'neath my trembling fingers bloom,

Loose threads and errors I cannot retrieve,

And ever with a sore despair I grieve, For stars have never broken on my gloom.

- When at the last my tears have ceased to flow,
 - When life tides wait forever at the ebb, And Master hands my tapestries unroll,
- From pleading lips the cry will come, I know:
 - "Dear God, forgive! In that uneven web
 - There lies enmeshed a loving woman's soul!"

At Twilight



HEN twilight creeps upon thy life and mine,

And on the margin of the sea we stand,

Will some forgotten light gleam on the sand,

Or some lost star in shadow faintly shine?

Shall we find friendly beacons, or a sign To lead us safely to the unknown land That lies in far-off beauty, when my hand

Slips softly for the last time into thine?

- When twilight falls, and, hidden in our dust,
 - No rose of youth our dimming eyes discern,
 - When darkness comes upon us from above;
- Shall we still have unstained our lifelong trust?
 - Dear God! Thy utmost lessons we will learn,
 - And not complain—if we may keep our love!

The Last Journey



OME day the winding path that we have trod,

Its changing purpose ever unrevealed.

Will lead us safely to a sunny field Where white and crimson clover breaks the sod.

Some day, when we have passed beneath the rod,

Our harvest at the best a barren yield, The heartaches and the pain shall all be healed

By that white peace which is the gift of God.

And yet a little longer I would wait,

The while thy sands of life still slowly
run,

Until for thee the sunny fields unbar; Yes, I will stand beside the meadow gate Till thy last journey, too, is almost done

And on the clover faintly gleams a star.

Might



DOWN the lane come flocks
of weary sheep

With muffled tinklings to the waiting fold;

Dim grayness lies upon the sun's last gold,

And timid stars into the shadow creep.

A gracious darkness on the rocky steep Has fallen where the drowsy sheepbells tolled,

And far afield the drooping poppies hold

Within their dusky petals softest sleep.

- Twilight and hush, and then the mystic hours
 - When Dian moves along her starry ways,
 - From day-long bondage of the sun set free;
- My soul has opened as night-blooming flowers
 - That fear the heat and splendor of the days—
 - Ah, Love, 't is night, and I am waiting thee!

A Lost April



S this September? In a golden light

The sudden rain has passed, and sparkling dew

Is dripping from the trees, each drop pierced through

With quivering sun-threads, shining silver white.

The thrush's note ascends in rapturous flight,

And every meadow-lark that upward flew

From clover fields at dawn is singing, too,

As if there were no Autumn and no night.

- Is this September? Nay, for on the earth
 - In radiant beauty April treads again,
 And wooes the robins with her
 smiles and tears.
- And so, if dead Spring has another birth, We have not lost our love's first sweetness, then—
 - It waits somewhere adown the aisle of years.

A Robin in the Rain



HE springtime rains have beaten on the trees And taken fragrant tribute from them all;

Crushed apple-blossoms lie upon the wall

Forsaken by the faithless honey-bees.

The saddest of the vernal days are these—

With every passing wind wet petals fall,

The birds forget their tender mating

And sing no more their joyous melodies.

- Nay, listen! Like the voice of silvered flute,
 - In brave, sweet cadence ever rippling on,
 - A hidden robin pipes his cheery strain!
- Ah, Love! Thy lips and mine are sadly mute
 - When for the moment sun and hope are gone—
 - We have not faith to sing amid the rain!

Devotion

(After Schumann)



HOUGH I were blind, thy face I still should see

As last upon thine eyes the lovelight lay;

If trembling lips were mute that fain would pray,

Though I were dumb, my heart would speak to thee;

If snow and flame should seem alike to me,

Thy touch would wake its answer in my clay,

Though bound in silence, I should hear thee say:

"I love thee, Sweet, for all eternity."

- Thou art the star within my world of night,
 - Thou art the music I have longed to hear,
 - Thou art my loving speech, that softly stole
- Upon my lips as dawn upon the sight;
 Thou art my tenderness—my roses,
 Dear—
 - I am a woman and thou art my soul.

Tokens



CRUSH the faded roses into dust

Then cast their fragrant ashes on the air,

A gift to secret winds that waft them where

No eyes may mark fulfilment of the trust;

I hold the violets a moment, just

To live once more the hour when they were fair;

The yellowed letters lie beside them there,

So sweet I cannot burn them—as I must!

Yet, after all, I count the tokens naught
Since in thy heart the roses grow for
me

And every violet brings me the whole

Of thy great tenderness and loving thought—

Like some illumined missal, words from thee

Are lettered on the pages of my soul.

An Old Garden



LONG the wall the lengthening shadows creep And questing honey bees have homeward flown

O'er meadow grass and weeds now overgrown

Upon the crimson clover lying deep.

Strange sentinels the larkspur's watches keep

And drowsily the thistledown is blown; White morning-glories vagrant blooms have sown

Where that forgotten garden lies asleep.

- Far down the path, beside the broken gate,
 - In seeming portent stands a cypress tree;

And royal, lonely, like a thing apart, A single golden rose has challenged Fate.

Thus at the last may it be given me

To sleep with thy dead roses on my

heart.

Lavender



HE memory of old gardens gently clings

Around these broken flowers, now gray and dead,

While childish dreams and visions long since fled,

Come back once more on swift and kindly wings.

Again the meadow-lark at sunrise sings, And fairy webs all through the woodland spread,

With drops of crystal strung on every thread,

Bring back the sweetness of forgotten Springs.

The lavender is dead, yet 't is not death,

For stores of snowy linen, finely spun,

Shall hold its subtle fragrance
through the year.

And so, as linen scented by its breath,
In all my life must be a little sun
Because I know that thou hast loved
me, Dear!

Barvest



HE slanting beams of afternoon have traced,

Where slender shafts of ripening grain unfold,

A mystic pattern wrought of palest gold,

With blood-red poppies closely interlaced.

And so the distant harvest-fields are graced

With drifted blooms that wander uncontrolled,

And when night's dusky fabrics are unrolled,

In every chaliced cup a pearl is placed.

- So when my doubtful harvest shall begin,
 - With such small store of grain as chaff can yield,
 - And I have naught to give that may atone,
- I know the Reaper, searching far within, Will grant me pardon for my barren field
 - Because thy poppies in my wheat have grown.

The Vineyard

PON the hill beyond the grove of pine

All through the vineyard tiny tendrils run,

Where, marked with fleeting shadow and with sun,

The shimmering leaves and fragrant creepers twine;

September here has made her sparkling wine

And, in the silences of night begun,

The fairy spinners mystic lace have spun

Around the clustered purple of the vine.

- So through the world's vast vineyard thou and I
 - Are pledged to travel onward side by side
 - And walk upon the way that He has willed.
- Though saddest failure in our cups may lie
 - When we have trod the grapes, He will not chide,
 - Because with love our wine has been distilled.

Indian Summer



PURPLE haze lies on the distant hill

And fallow fields an alien beauty wear;

There seems mysterious promise in the air

Which passing Summer lingers to fulfil.

The silvery music of the tinkling rill

Has died away as if in silent prayer;

The winds have left the murmuring maples bare

And all the woodland ways are strangely still,

- December waits, with winding-sheets of snow,
 - And that fair field, a-thrill to Autumn's kiss,
 - A sleeper in an unmarked grave shall be:
- They say love hath its seasons; even so The Winter in my heart must be like this,
 - Because through Summer I have walked with thee.

Crowned



HEAR no coronation hymns ascend

Where loyal peoples marble arches raise;

Within no palace halls I pass my days,

Before my throne no lords and ladies bend.

No trumpet-tongued salutes my paths attend

Nor cries of silver bugles sound my praise;

For me no fires of splendid triumph blaze—

I have no mighty kingdom to defend.

- Yet I am royal, for thy lips have said:
 - "My queen, I love thee even more than life,
 - And my believing heart to thee I bring."
- So hast thou placed a crown upon my head
 - And brought me purple with the name of wife,
 - Because thou art my lover and my king.

The Last Time



OMEDAY the slanting sunbeams on the floor To one of us will give no kindly light,

For all the world will change to darkest night

The hour the Reaper pauses at our door; Someday a heart that hungers, stabbed and sore,

Will strive to bear its bitter cross aright;

With hands that falter, and with dimming sight

The one will seek the other evermore. .

- So let each word be tender, and the touch
 - So gentle, grow each day more gentle still,
 - For Love's dear day will vanish all too fast;
- And, at the end, since we have loved so much,
 - A lingering peace the sore heart may distil—
 - Remembering the kiss that was the last.

Aftermath



HE reapers sing amid the ripened grain,

While in the Autumn sun the sickles gleam,

And far afield the silken poppies seem To spread their splendid scarlet all in vain;

The harvest moon swings slowly up again

In majesty resplendent and supreme,

Then like the far, faint darkness of a

dream,

A purple twilight comes upon the plain.

- Down in the stubble silvery cobwebs shine
 - As if in answer to September's kiss
 - A strange and ghostly beauty Earth should yield;
- And if Death should divide thy love from mine
 - Upon my life would come a peace like this—
 - The memory of the harvest on the field.

Absence



HOU art so far away I cannot claim

The incense of thy love before my shrine,

Nor thrill in answer to a touch of thine,

Nor hear thy voice make music of my name;

My tenderness for thee I may not frame, Since words are weak to show this heart of mine,

And, being woman, I must make no sign,

Lest change should come and flood my soul with shame.

Sometime, someday, if God's great purpose is

To give us Heaven while we linger here,

Thy lost, belovéd face mine eyes shall see;

Yet if that deep desire be not His,

Across the thousand leagues I love thee, Dear,

And still before us waits Eternity.

Wlinter



PON my casement wintry winds may blow

From barren wastes and uplands bleak and chill,

While cold and bare, above the distant hill,

The last light lies upon a crown of snow;

Athwart the shivering pines the sleet may go

The Storm King's dreaded vengeance to fulfil

Where icy streams are waiting, deathly still,

Their gentle music hushed in fear and woe.

- And yet I have no Winter, since thy hand
 - Has led me where eternal beauty lies, I have no night save lingering afternoon;
- We walk together in the Summer land, For earth has someway changed to Paradise—
 - Ah, Heart of Mine, with thee 't is always June!

Old Letters



READ the yellowed pages o'er and o'er,

By breath of long-dead roses faintly stirred;

And as by magic every written word Flames sweet and strong with love and life once more.

For here thy heart hath laid its tender store

And here my waiting soul hath dimly heard

The fluted song of some forgotten bird

Since Memory's angel paused within my door

- What though thy grass-grown grave shall come between?
 - What though the reaches of Eternity
 Shall keep thy lips from mine
 through slow-shod years?
- We learned together all that love may mean;
 - There is no need of speech 'twixt thee and me:
 - And yet—Sweetheart! Thy kiss—and then my tears!

Death and Love

HE one is wracked with grief and bent with age,
And on his world-scarred face
there comes no gleam

Nor human touch that haply may redeem

The common ending of our pilgrimage;
The other's childish laughter flouts the
sage,

Bids him forget his wisdom, makes him dream,

And as by magic, with his touch supreme,

He turns to gold the humblest heritage.

- These two are friends, for on the selfsame road
 - They fare together, with hand clasping hand,
 - Where asphodel and roses break the sod;
- 'T is Love who shares with Death his heavy load,
 - 'T is Death who close by careless

 Love doth stand,
 - And, side by side, they point the way to God.

Afterward



HEN Death's white poppies rest upon my eyes,

As if my last rebellion He forgave,

When through the transept and the vaulted nave

The solemn measures of my requiem rise,

Think not that in the dust before thee lies

Thy heart of hearts, beyond thy strength to save

From secret hiding in a distant grave, For thou hast still the love that never dies.

- So kneel beside me, Dearest, with thy palm
 - Laid on my face in that old tenderness
 - Too great for words, since there is no regret
- 'Twixt thee and me, and when the chanted psalm
 - Has softly changed to prayer and holiness,
 - Think not, oh soul of mine, that I forget!









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